NUMB. XXIX.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

———*Pudet hæc opprobria Nobis*
Et dici potuisse & non potuisse refelli. OVID.

MONDAY, JUNE 29. 1724.

UNLESS my Legs are in Motion, my Imagination is apt to ſtand ſtill: for which Reaſon I am ſo great a Walker, that, if the Weather does not allow me to take the Air, in the open Fields, I meaſure my Landlady's Hall Floor, ſo many Times, for a Breathing, that I can walk twenty Miles, without ſtirring out of my Lodgings.—I was Meditating, Yeſterday Morning, in one of theſe reverted Perambulations, when I heard the Sound of a Horſe's Feet, on the Pavement, before my Door; which was follow'd by a loud, ruſtick, Whiſtle; and a thumping againſt the Porch, with the Handle End of a Whip.—I look'd out; and was Saluted, by a Country Servant of *Will. Weathercock*'s, with this ſimple, and hearty, Addreſs—That *Maſter remember'd his Love to me; and had ſent him up with a Letter.* I diſpatch'd my Friend's *Courier*; and ſhall lay before my Reader the Contents of his Intelligence.

Deareſt SIR,

'THE Good Company, at Sir *Portly*'s, are at a ſad Loſs, in your Abſence. Mr. *Tireſom*, and our Friend *Tony*, won't drink one another's Healths yet. But Mr. *Juniper* has done as ſtrange a Cure, upon Mr. *Jyngle*, as Mr. *Jyngle* Himſelf intends to do, upon Sir *Clouterly Rumble*. — *Tony* has never been right, as he ſhou'd be, ſince You made him ſo aſham'd of ſhooting his Poetry, at Random. He look'd very pale, Yeſterday, and complain'd of a Pain in his Stomach. There was ſomething, he ſaid, lay, like a Load, at his Heart: and he had much ado to draw his Breath, for it — Mr. *Juniper* felt his Pulſe, and ſaid, He hop'd there was no Danger: Asking him, at the ſame Time, If He had made no *Verſes*, for this Week paſt? Mr. *Jyngle* told him, *Yes* — and repeated Six Hundred Lines, of a new Poem, he has made a Beginning in. The Verſes, I muſt needs ſay, ſounded as fine, as ever I heard any! But, what I thought ſtrange, was, that, as ſoon as he had done Repeating, Mr. *Juniper* bid him *hem* — and go, chearfully, about his Buſineſs: for his Oppreſſion, he ſaid, was remov'd.—And it really prov'd, as he ſaid. — Mr. *Jyngle*'s Colour return'd immediately; and he breathes, as freely as ever he did!

'BUT, I fancy, for all this, he is not quite cur'd, yet. His Diſtemper, I doubt, works inward: and, unleſs it has conſtant *Vent*, may blow up, into his Brain, and do more Miſchief, than we are aware of. For I obſerve, though he *ſays* Nothing, the ſuppreſs'd Spring of his Fancy twitches his Eyebrows, up and down, and moves his Lips, like a Rabbit's! — He has got an odd Whim, too,—the Effect, to be ſure, of his Melancholy!— Of untying the Knots of People's Periwigs, who happen to ſit within Reach of him! He will do the ſame, by the Ladies Apron-Strings; and has made an Attempt or two, at their Garters! Yet, is muſing all the while, without meaning any Harm in it. — Pray ſend me Word, by *Humphrey*, who rides old *Robin* to Town, on purpoſe, Whether you don't think, This untying Wigs, and Apron-Strings, an untowardly Symptom, in poor Mr. *Jyngle*? — Methinks, I wou'dn't, for a great Deal, that his Brain ſhou'd have any Thing come to it. — Pray a Word, of your Advice, to, Deareſt Sir!

Your moſt Faithful Servant,
William Weathercock.

THE Anſwer I return'd to this apprehenſive Humanity, of *Will. Weathercock*, was, *That I cou'd determine Nothing, ſuddenly, in ſo doubtful a Caſe, as this was: But I deſir'd him to tell* Tony *the following Story, the firſt Time he ſhou'd catch him at a Wig-Knot, or an Apron-String: and, from the Effects of it, I might judge better.*

'AN *Arabian* Phyſician, of great Learning, went 'to viſit the *Caliph*, who took Pleaſure in Diſ-'courſing with him, concerning Diſeaſes, and their Re-'medies. The Phyſician was demonſtrating the Neceſ-'ſity of Binding Madmen to prevent Danger, from 'their Extravagance; and the *Caliph*, who ſat, inwo'v'd, 'in the profoundeſt Attenſion, had inſenſibly, apply'd 'his Fingers to the Bottom of the Doctor's Gown; 'which finding a little unſtitch'd, he had ript it, to the 'very Girdle. The Doctor, obſerving it, made a Pauſe, 'in his Narration.— The *Caliph* then, aſk'd him,— "By what Tokens they knew, when it was Time to "Bind a Madman?"— *We bind him*, anſwer'd the 'Phyſician, *when he pulls his Doctor's Gown to Pieces, without the ſmalleſt Provocation.*

SIR, *June* the 8th, 1724.

'GOING, laſt *Sunday*, in the Afternoon, to a 'Church, not far from the *Temple*, to hear an 'Eminent, and Learned, Divine, who is remarkable, 'for his good Preaching, I found the manifeſt Neceſſi-'ty we are under, of a *PLAIN-DEALER*: Since 'Moſt of our well-bred Enormities, which were ſup-'preſs'd, during the Reign of your Great Predeceſſor, 'Venerable *SPEC*, of Immortal Memory, are crept 'again, into open Practice. — Lay-Pariſhioners, for 'Example, repeat the *Abſolution*, with as much Loud-'neſs, and Aſſurance, as if they were, all, in *Prieſt's* 'Orders! They barbarouſly, drown, too, in their *Re-'ſponſes*, the Vocal Zeal of the Pariſh Clerk; to the 'Diſgrace, and utter Overthrow, of that ancient, and 'uſeful, Office! — The *Pſalms*, which were ſung, 'plainly, in the ſimple Worſhip of our Forefathers, 'are, now, moſt muſically, *warbled*, by gay, powder'd, 'Choriſters, who have their Ears refin'd, by *Opera*, 'with ſuch a rapturous, *Italic*, Quavering, that every 'Syllable pants, and trembles, with the Sighings of a 'broken Spirit!— The Reverend Doctor declaim'd 'on *Pride*: But neither the Terror of his Reaſoning, 'nor the aweful Gravity of his Perſon, cou'd reſtrain 'a giddy Covey, of young, Female, Gold-finches from 'fluttering their Fans, into a Whirlwind; that blew 'Grace, and Edification, quite out of the Church Win-'dows! — Theſe Indecencies fall more properly under 'your Cognizance, than the Pulpit's; therefore, at your 'Leiſure, I hope, you will animadvert on their Growth, 'and Conſequence. A Nod, from you, will ſtartle 'them: for they fly *PLAINDEALING*, like a Pe-'ſtilence. I am.

Your hearty Well-Wiſher, &c.
J. H.

Mr. *PLAIN*

[Price Two Pence.]

Mr. *PLAIN DEALER.*

'I Am one of thoſe *Light-finger'd Purchaſers*, com-
'plain'd againſt, in a Letter to you, from the
'Keeper of a certain Coffee-Houſe, for *Filling my Pock-*
'*ket with Wit, of another Man's paying for.* The Truth
'is I did it; but it was by way of Revenge only. For
'before your Paper became eſtabliſh'd, I ſent a Dozen
'Lines, to his Houſe, with no other Intention, than
'to read over the *PLAIN DEALER:* But the
'Anſwer, I always had, was—*They did not take in the*
'*Paper.* At laſt, his Cuſtomers ſo often ask'd for it,
'that he was aſham'd to be longer without it; and I
'continue to drink his Coffee, for the Pleaſure of read-
'ing your Paper. But in order to be Even with him,
'I kept a private Account, how many *Twopences* I ſpent,
'in vain, while I was diſappointed by his Avarice:
'And juſt ſo many *PLAIN DEALERS* I am
'determin'd to pocket up, that I may bring Things to
'a Balance. After that, I will content my ſelf to
'carry off, in my *Memory*, what I now bring away in
'my *Pocket*. And This is the true State of Mr *D. B*'s
'Complaint to you.

'But, ſince *Coffee-Men* muſt be murmuring, I put you
'in a Way to mortifie ſome of the *Backward Ones*, of
'that Fraternity; who care not how little *Wit* they lay
'in, for their Cuſtomers, becauſe Themſelves have no
'Reliſh for it: And they love to deal in nothing, but
'what they can come in for a *Taſte* of. You muſt know,
'Sir, that ſeveral of them are reſolv'd to wait 'till
'*Winter*, before they take in the *PLAIN DEALER*;
'as if Cold Writers were fitteſt to refreſh their *Sum-*
'*mer Cuſtomers*. But your Diſciples are ſo Numerous,
'That, if you only give the Word, that none, who
'have *Wit*, or *Breeding*, ſhall drink, even a ſingle *Dram*, at
'any Coffee-Houſe, that is not licens'd, by the Stamp
'of the *PLAIN DEALER:* Then, theſe Friends
'to *Money*, and *Dullneſs*, who, to ſave a Groat a Week,
'loſe Twelve Pennyworth of *Improvement*, wou'd take
'it in, for their *Profit* Sake, though they have no Con-
'cern for their *Underſtanding*: And, by that Means, ex-
'tend your Influence to many Thouſands of His Ma-
'jeſty's ſober Subjects; who, now, ſit and ſleep in the
'Corner of a Duſty Coffee-Room, for want of Mat-
'ter, to be kept awake by.

I am,

Sir, Your Humble Servant,

VINDEX.

UPON opening ſome late *Letters*, which have been ſent me by my Coreſpondents, I found, inclos'd in one, the following *Learned Propoſition*, for unravelling the *Occult Sciences*.

" PROPOSALS, for Printing a Book, Entitled,
" *THE MYSTERY OF MODERN GAMING*;
" being a Deſcription of the Abuſes, in Games at Dice:
" Proving, by calculated Tables, That *Hazard* is an un-
" equal Game. Expoſing the Nature of unfair Dies
" and Boxes, with the Operations of *Loaded Dies*,
" *Scoop'd Dies*, *Flat Dies*, *Chain Dies*, and *Link'd Dies*.
" The Art of working with a *Grate Box*; *Eclipſing*,
" *Sighing*, *Waxing* and *Topping*.

" A Diſſertation on *Pharo*, *Baſſet*, *Picquet*, *Wisk*, and
" other *Card Games*: Proving, That a *Pack* of *Cards*
" may be ſhuffled, cut, dealt away, and, afterwards,
" diſpos'd to your Intereſt, notwithſtanding. With a
" particular Deſcription of a *Pharo-Bank*; its Atten-
" dants and Expences. Calculated for the *Meridian* of
" thoſe Two Famous Univerſities, *Bath* and *Tunbridge-*
" *Wells*.

" THE Book will be Printed on fine, Octavo Pa-
" per, with a New Dutch Letter, and neatly Bound:
" Price One Guinea, half down, as uſual. 'Tis now
" ready for the Preſs; and any Subſcriber ſhall, if he
" pleaſes, ſee the Copy, to convince him, That it de-
" ſerves Encouragement. *Subſcriptions* are taken in at
" Mr. *William Leverlana*'s, at the *Golden Key*, in *King-*
" *Street*, *Covent-Garden*.

I AM Ignorant with what Intention this *Propoſal* was enclos'd to me; there having been no *Letter* ſent with it. But I take it for granted, That it is the *Wiſh* of the Undertaker to have it notic'd, in the *PLAIN DEALER*: And I recommend it, with the more Readineſs, becauſe if this *WORK* is any way anſwer-able to its *Title*, the Author will deſerve to be conſi-der'd as a Patriot; and may, by opening the Eyes of thoſe, who are fond of that *Vile Art*, call'd *Gaming*, become the Means of more *Good* to his *Country*, than the *Care* and *Wiſdom* of our Parliaments have, yet, been able to accompliſh.

Worthy SIR,

'I MY own ſelf am a *Barber*, by Trade, but my
'Wife takes in *Plain-work*. I cou'd never endure
'to be Idle; and, therefore, when we rented a little
'Houſe, in the New-Buildings, I hung a Board, at my
'Pole's End, with theſe Words writ upon it, in Great
'Letters, *SHAVE FOR A PENNY*. Though I
'ſay it, That ſhou'd not, I have a clean Stroke with a
'Razor: But, becauſe I love a Stirring Trade, I
'thought it better to work for a little, than ſtand ſtill,
'and get nothing. Now, it is a ſtrange Thing to con-
'ſider, " How little Encouragement *Honeſt Induſtry*
" meets with

'ONE Evening, laſt Week a Beau with a great
'Black Bag at his Back, was ſet down, out of a Stage-
'Coach; and fixing his Eye upon my Pole, put his
'Hand to his Beard, and came directly to my Door,
'as if he meant, I ſhou'd ſhave him: But, as ſoon as
'he read my *Rate*, that was written on my *Show Board*,
'he turn'd ſhort, upon his Heel; and cry'd out, with
'a ſilly Oath, " That, *Six Pence*, he thought, was too
" little, for a clean Shaving: But, if a Man muſt pay
" for being *flea'd*, a *Penny* was too much in Conſcience.

'I WAS quite out of Heart, at this unexpected
'Return, for falling the Price of my Practice: And
'my poor Wife, who over-heard it, as ſhe ſat at work,
'fell a crying, at the Ill Nature of it. But, pre-
'ſently, we heard a jolly Voice, in the Street, *Come,*
'*let us go in:—I will encourage this Honeſt Fellow, though*
'*I have been ſhav'd once, to Day, already.* So, there
'came into my Shop a grave, well-dreſs'd, Gentleman,
'and a pretty Youth with him: He was kind, and
'talk'd very familiar to me; and had ſo good-humour'd
'a Face, that I lov'd dearly to look upon him. When
'I had done with him, he ſaid, That I had the ſoft
'Sweep of your *Turkiſh Barbers*; and, as he was going
'out of my Shop, he gave me a Crown Piece; and
'told me, " That ſuch Induſtrious Men as I, ought
" to be paid, as we *deſerv'd*, and not, as we *expected*:
" And that no body elſe ſhou'd *Shave* him, as long as
" his Beard grew in *London*.

'As ſoon as he was gone, my Wife fell a crying,
'again.—But, this Time it was for *Joy*. That in ſpite
'of *Beaux* and *Black Bags*, there is ſome good *Senſe*,
'and good *Nature*, left in the World yet.—If you will
'put This into your *PLAIN DEALER*, and *accept*
'*of a Shaving*, the next Time you come our Way, you
'may Command the ready Hand of,

Your Obedient, Humble Servant,

Latherlight Edgely.

ADVERTISEMENT.

EVAN DAVIES Removed from the *Blew Poſts*, and *Harp*, in *Chancery-Lane*, to *Montgomery* Court, behind the *Bagnio*, in the ſame Lane, while his Houſe is Rebuilding, but continues the Uſual Entertainment, at his Cellar; where Perſons may be furniſhed with any Quantity of Right *Herefordſhire* or *Southam* Cy-der; *Hotwell*, *Bath*, and Right *German* Spaw-Waters.

Printed for *J. Roberts*, in *Warwick-Lane*. Where *Letters* and *Advertiſements* are taken in.